

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
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A MOTHER'S APPEAL TO HER BOY.

Words by Julian Holmes.

Music by Henry F. Smith.

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A mother was bidding good-bye to her boy,
He was going to leave her that morn;
'Twas hard to depart from the ones that he loved,
And the humble cot where he was born.
He treasured the parting advice that she gave,
With the love that a mother can feel;
In vain he endeavored his tears to restrain,
As he heard his fond mother's appeal.

CHORUS.

Be faithful and fearless, devoted and true,
Be manly in sorrow or joy;
In trials remember 'tis darkest ere dawn,
Was a mother's appeal to her boy.

The years glided by, and he wandered afar,
Often like a lone exile he'd roam;
In moments of sorrow his heart would be cheered,
When he thought of his mother at home.
She always said: "Boy, never yield to despair,
There's no pleasure without its alloy;"
They never more met, but he never more forgot,
The appeals she made to her boy.

Be faithful and fearless, &c.

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